SONG.

Love, I grow old.
The world is still in flower,
Still do the birds in wayside hedges sing;
Pageant is yet of golden day and hour . . .
Only—I stand without the fairy ring.

Love, I grow old.
The west is steeped in roses,
Unto the sea, the moon is lover yet;
Only—for me, the Book of Magic closes;
I, who was young, grow old and shall forget.

Love, I grow old.
From too much life and laughter;
Old from the glare of scenes that hurt mine eyes;
Cruel or kind, whatever follows after,
It shall be one with dusk and ashen skies.

Love, I grow old.
Look backwards in your flying,
You, who have kissed the years and made them fleet.
See, I am gray, my days are spent in sighing . . .
Love, I grow old—your wonder is complete.

—Fannie Heaslip Lea, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

FREDDYS FIRST RESCUE.

How the Sea Brought Him a Kitten All His Own.

G. E. WALSH, in St. Nicholas.

Freddy May was big for his age, wearing a seven-year suit on a six-year-old body. But he thought he was older, much older than he was, and big—well, wasn't he almost big as his father? At least he would be some day, and meanwhile he was growing!

The May family—father, mother and Freddy, six years old, going on seven—lived on a rock in the middle of the ocean, or, at least, five miles from any other land. There was a tall lighthouse on the rock, and at the base of this white tower was a tiny house with five rooms. This house was home, the only home Freddy ever knew.

The lighting of the great lamp of the lighthouse had always been a great attraction to Freddy. One day, when his father carried him up, up the winding stairs and showed him how the lamp was lighted and how its rays spread far out over the tossing ocean, Freddy felt that his little world was the most wonderful that any boy could imagine. Think of the hundred steps up the tall tower and the magnificent view from the top!

But as time added another year to Freddy's age his little mind soared to greater achievements. He was accustomed to storms and rough weather. He knew that his father often went out in his little boat to help strange people who drifted near the shoals. Sometimes he brought them back in his boat, half dead and so white! His mother then worked hard to give them warm clothing and hot things to drink and eat.

Freddy at first was content to watch and help; then he wanted to do more. He wanted to go with his father in the lifeboat to pick up the shipwrecked people.

"Some day, lad, when you get bigger," his father answered his request.

After that Freddy asked every little while, "Am I big enough now to go with you in the boat, papa?"

"Not yet—not quite yet," had always been the response.

So Freddy had been forced to wait and grow. How he counted the days and looked at his figure in the glass to see if he was growing! When he first donned his seven-year suit he felt surely that he was almost big enough to help save shipwrecked people.

As chance would have it his opportunity did come a few days after this important event. There had been a storm at sea, not a very heavy storm, but one which made the sea pretty rough off the shoals. The day after the storm the sun came up bright and warm. The sea was rolling in long swells.

Not a mile away from the lighthouse something was drifting heavily, swinging slowly up and down with the waves. A quick glance through the telescope showed that it was a dismantled sloop, a small coasting vessel abandoned by its crew.

Mr. May quickly got his boat in the water, and was preparing to go to the derelict when Freddy's lips faltered:

"Papa, I am big enough to go!"

There was a smile on the lightkeeper's lips, and, after glancing up at the weather and down at the sea he said:

"Yes, Freddy, you can go to-day. Jump in the stern."

Now there was no happier boy in all the world than Freddy May at that moment. He fairly tumbled down the steps and dropped snugly in the stern of the lifeboat. His eyes were bright and glowing. Wasn't he going to a real wreck?

To row to the dismantled sloop was not a long or rough one, and Mr. May pulled so lustily at his oars that they were alongside in no time. When they reached the sloop Freddy gazed at it in awe. Would there be half-drowned people aboard, and would he be strong enough to help his father lift them into the lifeboat?

"Now, boy, you stay quietly in the stern until I come back," cautioned his father.

He tied the boat to the stern of the sloop and then nimbly climbed aboard. He was gone a long time, so long that Freddy got worried. What would he do if anything happened to his father? Could he row back to the lighthouse? What if another storm should come up and make the ocean very rough?

He was thinking of such dreadful things when Mr. May appeared above and shouted:

"Nobody aboard, Freddy. She's been deserted for a long time. We'll go back home now."

This announcement was not pleasing to our little mariner. What a disappointment to go to a shipwreck and then find nobody, and not even go aboard the wreck!

"But, papa, there might be somebody in—in—"

His father shook his head.

"No, lad, I've been everywhere."

Then, noticing the disappointment on the little face, he added: "But if you want to come aboard and look I'll let you. I forgot this was your first shipwreck. Here, now, hold fast to my hand and I'll pull you up."

Freddy climbed up, with his father's assistance, almost as easily as a veteran sailor. He stood on the deck of the old abandoned sloop in a moment. One glance showed him the awful desolation of the wave-swept craft. Mast, spars, sail and rigging were tumbled about in a confused mass, and part of the cargo of lumber was shifted over to one side.

"Be careful, little man, and hold tight to my hand," his father cautioned. "I'll take you to the cabin, and show you what an abandoned boat looks like."

Freddy seemed to come naturally into the use of his little sea legs. He did not lurch and roll with each toss of the boat, but walked steadily forward. When they came to the cabin Mr. May threw open the door and—

Suddenly both of them started. Something moved inside, and then there was a mild cry of some frightened animal. Out of the darkness a bundle of white appeared. It came directly toward Freddy and mewed.

"It's a pussy cat, papa—a white pussy!"

Freddy took the frightened creature in his arms and stroked its soft fur. The kitten mewed and rubbed its nose in his face.

"Do you suppose he belongs to somebody, papa?" asked Freddy, anxiously.

"It belongs to you, little man, if to any one. You rescued him, and I don't think anybody will take it away from you."

All the way back to the lighthouse home Freddy held the kitten in his arms, and stroked and patted its head. In his affection for the shipwrecked cat he even forgot to notice the waves or the condition of the weather. The one fact to impress his mind was that he had made his first rescue from a shipwreck, and he would always keep the kitten for his own. He wanted a playmate—a kitten or a dog—and now the sea had brought him one all for his own self.

Power of the Press.

We had the editor of a weekly paper with us on part of the journey across North Dakota by team, and at one village hotel the landlord found out what an honored guest he had and refused to charge him any bill. The editor returned his thanks and we were about ready to leave when the landlord beckoned him aside and said:

"Stranger, being an editor, you can do anything. It's up to me to go to the Legislature."

"Yes?" was the reply.

"And my son Bill wants to be elected sheriff of this county."

"I see."

"And my son Tom wants to be a schoolmaster."

"Yes."

"And I've got a brother-in-law who wants an easy job in Washington. It's got to be an easy job, as he has a lame back."

"Anything more?" asked the editor.

"I've got a cousin Joe who'd like to go down to Panama, and a nephew who wants to get into a bank, and if you don't mind being put to a little trouble and would say that I am a widower and want to marry again, I'd take it as a great favor."

"Sure that's all, are you?"

"All, except that if I don't get into the Legislature, you might help me to run for Governor, and if I get the place I'll be hanged if I don't subscribe to three copies of your paper and pay cash in advance!"—Washington Post.

Diseased Pigeons.

The tribe of pigeons is peculiarly liable to disease. We believe it to be a fact that a large majority of the pigeons in London are consumptive or diseased in some way or another. —London Otulook.

And Other Places.

If every manufacturer were compelled to live within the shadow of his own mill chimney Manchester would be a much better place than it is.—Lloyd's Weekly.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A Cat Tale.

The little old woman to town would go
To buy her a Sunday gown,
But a storm came up, and the wind did blow,
And the rain came pouring down;
And the little old woman, oh, sad to see!
In a terrible fidget and fret was she,—
In a terrible fret was she.

The little old man was cross and cold,
For the chimney smoked, that day,
And never a thing would he do but scold
In the most unmannerly way,
When the little old woman said: "Listen to me!"
He answered her nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!"
No, nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!"

Then she whacked the puggy-wug dog, she did,
As sleep on the mat he lay;
And the puggy-wug dog ran off and hid,
And howled in a dismal way,
For a puggy was he of spirit and pride,
And a slight like that he couldn't abide,—
He couldn't, of course, abide.

Then Muffin, the kitten, said, "Deary me!"
What a state of affairs is this!
I must purr my very best purr, I see,
Since everything goes amiss!"
So Muffin, the kitten, she purred and purred
Till, at last, the little old woman she heard—
The little old woman she heard.

And she smiled a smile at the little old man,
And back he smiled again,
And they both agreed on a charming plan
For a walk in the wind and rain.
Then, hand in hand, to the market town
They went to look for the Sunday gown,—
For the coveted Sunday gown.

Then the chimney drew and the room grew hot,
And the puggy-wug dog and the cat
Their old-time quarrels they quite forgot,
And snuggled up close on the mat.
While Muffin, the kitten, she purred and purred,
And there never was trouble again, I've heard,—
No, never again, I've heard!

—Ellen Manly, in St. Nicholas.

Shooting Stars.

Shooting stars are not real stars at all, but are small bodies which the earth runs into and which are made so hot by friction in the atmosphere that they are burned up. The real stars, as those of the dipper, are very, very far away, so far that no one knows the distance. They are bright bodies like our sun, but seem like points of light because they are so far off. As the earth moves about the sun, it frequently meets little bodies. It is moving so fast that when it strikes them the friction in the air is very great and usually they are burned up. They seem like moving stars, but are really only a few miles above us in our atmosphere. Sometimes one is so large that it comes through the air, without being wholly burned up, and falls on the ground. —St. Nicholas.

Rain and Animals.

"Lions, tigers and all the cat tribe dread rain," said a Zoo keeper in the Bronx. "On a rainy day they tear nervously up and down their cages, growling and trembling. We usually give them an extra ration of hot milk. That puts them to sleep. Wolves love a gray day of rain. They are then very cheery. Treacherous as the wolf is, no keeper need fear him on a rainy day. He is too happy to harm a fly. Snakes, too, like the rain. They perk up wonderfully as the barometer falls and the damp makes itself felt in their warm cases of glass.

"Rain makes monkeys glum. They are apt from instinct, when they see it through the window, to clasp their hands above their heads and sit so for hours. That attitude, you know, makes a kind of shelter. It is the primitive umbrella. So, when it rained, the naked primitive man and woman sat gloomily in the primeval swamps of giant ferns."—New York Press.

The Land Boat.

"I wonder if this strong wind would blow me along in my cart," Willis thought, one day in March.

The little fellow took his seat in the express and held up the long tongue. The wind moved him a little, to be sure, but it was rather slow.

"I'll spread an umbrella," was Willis's next thought.

Whizz-zz-zz! how the cart did go! Rattle, rattle, rattle! But, alas! bang it went against a tree. For, you see, Willis couldn't hold the umbrella as it filled with wind, and guide his cart, too.

"I know! I'll make a real sail! And rig it like a boat!" said Willis.

So Willis went to work. First, he nailed a mast to the middle of the cart; and to this he fastened his mother's blue kitchen apron. It was a funny looking sail to be sure! But you should have seen the cart go spinning down the street.

Everybody laughed, and all the boys wanted to take a ride.

"Is there anything left of my kitchen apron?" his mother asked, when he came in to tea.

"Oh, yes," Willis answered. "Not hurt a bit! Only one string off."

Then papa and mamma laughed—Willis couldn't quite see why; but the next morning when Willis went out to get his cart, there it stood with a big, white, real canvas sail! for, you see, papa had cut it out for him and mamma (to save the other strings of her apron, I suppose!) had sewed it upon the ropes, so that it could be raised or reefed.—Primary Education.

Owning Up.

Creak, creak, creak. The door of the carriage-house swung on its hinges. On top of it sat Robbie. It was only half a door, so Robbie could sit on top of it when it was shut. It was great fun to swing on the door, almost as much fun as riding on the merry-go-round.

"Come on and ride," called Bobbie to Myrtle, who came out of the house at that moment with Lucy.

"Maybe grandpa wouldn't like it," said Myrtle.

"Oh, he won't care."

"I can't sit on alone, I'll fall off," cried Lucy, as she tried to balance herself on the narrow top of the door.

"Get up and hold her on, Myrtle, and I'll sit on the other side and push, and we'll ride together."

Myrtle climbed up beside Lucy, and Robbie took his place on the other side.

"All aboard! Here we go!" he shouted, giving a vigorous shove with his foot.

The door swung open a little way, then—rip, rip, crack—its free end settled to the ground.

"O, it's breaking, it's breaking," shrieked Lucy and Myrtle, scrambling down from the door as fast as they could.

The top hinge had pulled away from the wood, there could be no mistake about that. Grandpa would be very angry. Robbie thought of this as he stood looking at the broken door.

"Let's go to the wood to play," he said.

"Why, Robbie Moore, I'm ashamed of you! We'll do nothing of the kind, we'll go out to grandpa and ask him how to fix it," said Myrtle, indignantly.

It was a hard task for Robbie to go, but he marched off with the girls, and before they reached the field he said he would tell grandpa himself.

Grandpa didn't scold very hard when he saw how sorry the children were.

"We'd like to pay for fixing it," said Robbie, who was surprised to find how much pleasanter it was to face trouble than to run away from it.

"Well, I don't know just what I can give you to do," replied grandpa, at Robbie's unusual thoughtfulness, "perhaps you can pull a few weeds in the garden."

When dinner time came three tired but very happy children washed their hands in the tin basin on the back porch.

Owning up is better than running away.—The Little Chronicle.

The White Giant.

One afternoon, about 150 years ago, a boy was sitting in his grandmother's kitchen apparently dreaming, but in reality he was holding a very remarkable conversation with—a white giant.

Now you wonder why a giant should be in a plain little Scottish kitchen, and you will be still more surprised to learn that this giant could make himself invisible, and when in that state lived in a tea kettle. The little boy's name was James, and James used to sit by the fire—and think. For you must know he was a thoughtful lad. One day he noticed the lid of the tea kettle rising and falling in an agitated way, and coming, as James did, of a superstitious race, he thought that some great force was imprisoned in this kettle, and struggled to get out.

"Who are you in here, and what do you want?" he said, addressing the kettle.

"Space, freedom and something to do. I am a great giant that wants room to work and be free."

"What kind of work can you do?"

"I will carry your ships, draw your cars and lift your weights. I will plow your fields, sow your grain and thresh the harvests. I will hew away mountains and build up roads. I will turn the wheels of your factories; in short, if your brain will direct, I will be a faithful servant, ready to fulfill your commands."

James rubbed his eyes. "And I dreaming?" he said, aloud; but no, there was the steam in the kettle struggling to get out. He jumped up, raised the lid, and out came a monster giant, with white beard and hair, and muscles strong enough to do all he had promised the boy.

Grandma came in and, tapping James's cheek, she cried:

"Have you nothing to do all day but tilt the cover of that kettle? Go about your tasks and be something in the world."

"Oh, Grandma," said James. "I have been doing a thousand days' work sitting here by the fireside!"

"You are an idle dreamer, son!"

Nevertheless, James's dream came to more use than many a grown man's work, because he had the faculty of thinking to a purpose, and in the many talks he had with the friendly old white giant he learned the secrets of his power. Do you know who the lad James was? And what the white giant was?

James Watt, born in Scotland, January 19, 1736.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE APPALACHIAN BILL.

And Other Aspects of the Need of a Radical Policy in Forestry.

If the work of saving the forests—or what is left of them by the ignorance and rapacity of corporate and private ownership—is to be set on foot, once for all, without false starts, is must be undertaken not only in a patriotic spirit, but with imagination. It is easy to learn what has been wasted in the century past—public resources probably sufficient to have made it unnecessary for any American citizen to have paid a cent of tax. What is needed, is to project the mind fifty years ahead, to consider the problem in the light of the enormous foreign population that is coming to us and learning from us ghastly lessons of laissez-faire—a policy which in matters of forestry their own governments have learned through disastrous experience to abandon.

There are unmistakable signs of a reaction in the excessibe individualism, the go-as-you-please, every-man-for-himself. I-may-do-what-I-wish-with-my-own views of life. A new spirit is upon us, with a new definition of eminent domain, enlarging its scope to the control of private interests that exist to the injury of the public. This is not socialism in the violent sense of the word; rightly conceived, it is a new sense of brotherhood. Its principle is, "You ought not to get your happiness at the expense of your fellow men." It does not point to confiscation; on the contrary, it promises to supply a working substitute for anarchy. It may easily be misapplied or carried too far. But it is not more dangerous than certain false methods of corporate ownership and the equally tyrannical excess of trade unionism, which together have created so much of the new social unrest. The trend of progress points to a more excellent way.

To apply this to a single aspect of the forestry question: Why should owners of enormous tracts of mountain forests be permitted to denude them to the manifest injury of the agriculture, navigation and commerce of the valleys and streams which they supply? We are accustomed to think of nature as a dominating force, whereas, its modification by human action is the most constant of phenomena. The life of man has been described as substantially a warfare against the animals, against his fellows, and against the face of nature. It is the business of government not to promote, but to restrict this warfare, as it has done in the reservation of western forests—one of the most important notes of progress the country has struck since the civil war. It is the office of the wise not only to protect the weak against the strong but to protect the foolish from themselves.

There are signs that in this matter other countries are awake to their peril and responsibilities. British Columbia is taking Time by the forelock, and, by a sweeping act, reserving for governmental control every acre of forest land not already leased. Colombia in South America, has also passed new forest laws in keeping with intelligent modern public opinion. The conference cannot directly legislate, but its recommendations and influence ought to shape a policy of co-operation between the nation and the states along uniform lines. The Appalachian bill is a step in the right direction, and ought to be enacted, but we must go farther, considering the forests of the country, with all due respect to private ownership a heritage of posterity.

An important and commendable step has just been taken by the state of New York in the purchase of Mount Marcy and other peaks of the Adirondacks at the very headwaters of the Hudson. This policy should at once be continued until the reservation reaches its maximum extent. Then the whole tract should be administered under a system which, while guaranteeing private rights, will give the state supervision of the cutting of trees. The public health, the interests of agriculture, commerce and navigation in New York and Pennsylvania call immediate consideration to the whole subject. "Be wise in time; 'tis madness to defer."—From an editorial in The Century.

His Present.

Ezekiel had no stockings, so the night before Christmas he hung his trousers in the chimney of the tumble-down Florida shack that he calls home.

The next morning a Northern visitor in the village, calling at the cabin with some presents for the family, was greeted by Ezekiel's smiling face, which protruded from a narrow opening in the door. After wishing him a Merry Christmas, the lady asked what he had received for presents.

"Ah guess Ah got er nigger," said Ezekiel. "Nah pants is gone."—Youth's Companion.

A Kind Heart.

First Editor—We haven't printed anything about Carnegie for several days.

Second Editor—Is it necessary?

"Not absolutely so. But what's the use of needlessly offending him?"—Life.